

THE SUNSET GATES. I have often thought, when sunset

rned o'er the mountain's crest, And its strange, unearthly beauty Kindled along the west, In a vision of wonderful splendor, That Heaven's gates were ajar-And past them I caught faint glimpses Of the land where our loved ones are.

Behold!-or is it but fancy?-The sunset gates swing wide, And I see, through their parted portals, The hills on the Heaven-side. The hills that are crowned with sunshine Of a day that never ends— The country where no grave is, And no one mourns lost friends

I fancy I catch through the gateway A glimpse of the golden street, And an echo of wonderful music, Mystic, and low, and sweet, From the winds of sunset Where the dear, remembered voices, Sing in Get's choir to-day.

And see! But a shadow hides it, I thought that I saw a hand, That beckoned me to come over the beautiful summer land. Oh, loved of mine whom I miss so, Are you there at the sunset gate watch for me down the pathway That leads home, soon, or late:

Ah, the angels of dusk are closing he gates in the western skies, And no longer I see the city, Or the hills of Paradise. But love, like the soul, is deathless, And some day-God knows when-I shall pass through the sunset gateway And find my own again. -Eben E. Rexford, in N. Y. Observer.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA & & & & & &

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY Author of "Commodore Paul Jones,"
"Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

"Mademoiselle," he said softly, "you told me your name was-

"De Couedic. Yes, monsieur," she answered, with her eyes still fixed upon the street, though he noticed that she turned her face away from him. Was she discovered at last? Could

he suspect, she thought. "I had thought," he continued, then he stopped

"Mademoiselle, you weep," he said. "Yes, monsieur."

"Who passes in the street? Those lights, what are they?"

"Monsieur, a funeral." "Whose funeral, mademoiselle?"

"Alas, monsieur, I think it is the burial of New France!' "Mademoiselle?"

"'Tis the funeral of the Marquis de Montcalm, monsieur. He is being borne to his last rest."

"He was a brave man, Mademoiselle de Couedic, and he died as a soldier

would fain die, in the front of the "He was my grandfather's friend. monsieur, and mine. He was so good

to me. I know his wife, his children He loved them and longed to go back to them. But he loved his country, his duty, his king, more than all, monsieur, and so he stayed, and now he will never go back any more."

She put her face down in her hands and sobbed bitterly. People are as little children when they weep. Where of her heart. had he seen that bowed head? Heavens! was it not upon his own shoulder? Why, the picture was the same! The moonlight was stealing through the casement just as before. She wore something filmy and white. It might have been that night-robe that had enshrouded the slender girl. His heart beat so that it nearly suffocated him, and yet-de Couedic? It could not he!

"Mademoiselle," he said, all the passion surging in his soul quivering in in my honor; you will laugh at this, his voice, "do not weep. By heaven, I do not know how or why it is, but to see you weep tears my very heart! Can it be that I saw you but yesterday and loved you, mademoiselle?"

She turned and faced him. The feeling in his voice, the look in his eyes, as she stared at him, so perfectly life is yours, and yours is mine. I will power to withstand any longer. Deliberately she fetched a light from behind the curtain and set it down on she stood where the full light would know 'tis here!" fall on her face, and drawing herself up threw out her arms wide before

"Monsieur!" she cried. "Oh, do you not know me?"

"Is it thou, Little France?" he exclaimed, dazed and bewildered by his thoughts. "Who could have thought it? How beaufiful!"

She dashed away the tears with her gazing on her matchless beauty. Her in a single touch. scarlet lips quivered a moment, then shaped themselves for sound, and from the little Breton cradle-song which he had heard her sing in the garden of no mother ever sang it to child as she gang it then.

"Anne!" he cried. "The Lady Anne! Fool that I was! How blind! I should have known you! I should have recognized your footstep even had I lain dead at your doorsten!"

"Sir Philip! Sir Philip!" she exclaimed. "How could you forget? But I knew! Oh, my love, my love!" She sank on her knees at the bednice again and leaned over him,

"But you are betrothed to de Vitre?" he cried in jealous anguish.

mured, "what matters it? 'Tis you / love. I love!"

upon him suddenly with such a shock. She had known it for two days. He had been so desperately wounded.

then and she recovered herself the sooner. Something assisted her perhaps. Her throbbing breast as it lay fondled it again and again. upon his own was met by the pressure of something round and hard. The little locket! It flashed into her jealous mind in an instant.

"Monsieur Grafton," she said, drawing away from him with a sudden - That locket, sir?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Grafton simply, for it was impossible for him to deceive this woman, or to evade the question.

"Ah! Carrying another woman's face over your heart and speaking love to me!

"O Anne!" he cried, "there may be another woman in the locket, there is

only yourself in my heart" "Whose picture is there?"

"I may not tell." "Monsieur will not tell?"

"Nay, I can not. 'Tis honor seals my

He wished he had never given the promise so lightly uttered in the cabin of the Sutherland, but, being given, it must be faithfully kept.

"The honor of a woman?" she asked. "Of a man, mademoiselle, of a soldier, of a friend."

"Explain yourself, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle Anne, I can not, but I give you my word of honor as an English officer, the word of an American gentleman, your mother's land, mademoiselle, that the lady of the locket is nothing to me, that I cherish the face of no woman except your own. Ever since those days when I was held a prisoner in the old chateau, since the hour-do you recall it?-when I carried you in my arms and kissed you first, I have loved you. I have thought and dreamed of you alone among womankind. When I went away from France I left my heart behind. You have had it-you have it now."

"But the locket?" she persisted while the music of his words rang



SHE KNELT BESIDE THAT OLD BED.

sweetly in the most secret chamber

"Forget it." "Take it off, then."

"I can not." "Can not? And yet she is nothing to

you, you say? "Even so, yet that little thing I can not do. I have sworn never to part

with it until-"Ah, monsieur!" she continued bitterly, turning away. "You see! What can I believe?"

"Believe only that I love you; trust we will laugh together, when I am able to tell you some day. In the which the rain poured dismally. meantime have faith in me. Won't you trust me?" he continued, as she shook her head. "Twice I might have whatever had been heard from de died if it had not been for you. Twice you have called me back to life. My matched her own she had no will nor not be denied." He turned and stretched out his one uninjured hand. 400 or 500 colony troops, and the local afar off," she began, "and now come "Come back. If there is the faintest feeling of affection in your own heart, the table at the head of his bed; then if you know what love is, you must

She hesitated, she moved nearer, ing in handfuls. hesitated again. He strove to rise, wrenched his arm, covered his eyes with his hand, stifled a moan. That decided her. He suffered, and she fled to him once again, a little murmuring cry, an inarticulate caress on her lips.

Oh, the ecstacy of that moment! We live long years for the emotions of an hour, the pleasure of a secrecognized her, as he lay spellbound kisses, and the sum of dreams is gone

Anne de Rohan was promised to de Vitre. She meant to keep her promise. chants are accompanied by the officers one, just one, tumbler more?" her full, soft throat came the notes of She was wildly, bitterly jealous of the of the city militia." woman in the locket, too, in spite of his assurances, although she really bethe Hesperides, "Toutouie, la, la!" But lieved them, and she had never intended said de Ramesay despondently. this. She knew she could never be anything to Grafton. Her reason, her the determination of her mind was abrogated by the feelings of her heart. the enemy. Grim old Frontenac, the them again!

She knelt beside that old bed, she! most too great for him. He closed at his touch; she could not be quiet, tenderness

He lay there so white, so pale, so weak, so happy, with a love that was She was the stronger of the two as strong as hers looking from his eyes. His one free hand she held tightly, pressed it to her breast, kissed it,

voice quivering with joy that was alchange of mood, "you not only forgot | How blind he had been-a fool! He me, you not only did not know me, but forgot five years of separation and come from the ramparts. Among grieved that he had lost one day! The distance, the present was their own.

Presently, as the first fierce intensity of her passion spent itself, she laid her head upon his breast and listened in heart, hearing that heart throbbing for her, only for her. The room was to express what they felt, and neither

spoke. It was dark outside. The night had fallen. Clouds 'and swept across the face of the moon, hiding its splendor. The sky was overcast, muttered peals of thunder rolled swiftly through the chamber. The candle had burned itself out, it flickered away; the gray shadows grew into darkness. It was deep and still there. In that silence heart whispered to heart in language which gods and lovers may understand. Bye-and-bye her arm was slipped from beneath his head. Had hours or moments passed, or had they lived an eternity since the kiss of recognition? Her head, that had lain so lightly upon his breast, was lifted. The sweet lips, whose color he could dream of even in the darkness, melted once again upon his own-and she was

He had not moved or stirred. After she left him the sweet illusion was still heavy upon him. He could feel the presence of her head, the perfume, the fragrance of her hair, the beating of her heart. He closed his eyes in the darkness. Her lips seemed to brush his own again-again.

Did he sleep, did he dream? All night long she seemed to be by his

CHAPTER XVII.

FALLS THE FLAG OF FRANCE.

E RAMESAY stood in his private office in the shot-racked ously firing upon the already ruined English break into the town, if they lower town, and even upon the castle storm the walls, we have over 2,000 itself. From Townshend's intrench- women and children here. Think of ments on the landward side the heavy | them, sir!" siege guns which had been landed from the British ships were raining shot and shell upon the upper town and the citadel. Fiedmont, the French chief of artillery, was making what reply he could. The fleet of Admiral Saunders in the basin had been moving up toward the lower town during the past week, and as de Ramesay watched them, large boats full of troops were even then being landed on the meadows and flats at the mouth of the St. Charles river and were being drawn up in columns under cover of the ships' batteries, as if preparing to approach and storm the gate nearest the bridge.

De Ramesay had just come in from a tour of the walls. It was a hopeless outlook indeed before the governor. He had done his best, but the end was approaching. Sad indeed is the moment when we realize that our best is unavailing. The rations of all had been reduced and reduced until starvation stared them in the face. No English fire. The very chateau itself in which he stood was riddled with shells. There was a great gaping hole in the roof of his cabinet, through

grown worse and worse. Nothing sault were delivered it could not be met. His garrison originally consisted of 150 troops of the line, some death, wounds and starvation, and was growing less every day. The colonial soldiers and militia had been desert-

Presently Capt. Rouvigny entered. body of merchants, headed by Monsieur single page before." Daine, are here to see you, and-

"Bid them attend me in the great hall of the chateau, captain," interrupted the governor gloomily, "and summon the officers of my staff. Let some one go for Monsieur Fiedmont. hand. She thought he had not yet ond. We waste lifetimes in solitary if he can be spared from the walls. We need his counsel."

"I omitted to state, monsieur," continued the young officer, "that the mer-

"Let them all come together, I will see them all. I know what it means,"

A few moments after he entered the great hall of the bullet-ridden castle. sense, told her that this was folly, but Many of the portraits which adorned it had been destroyed by the fire of Perhaps because she knew there was unconquerable, however, still kept nothing beyond she gave way the more watch and ward over the territory he easily to her emotions. The flood- had loved, now fast slipping into the gates were open again, the long-pent- hands of the hated English. Had he up floods were out once more. Ah, been in de Vaudreuil's place, thought this time there would be no confining de Ramesay, they might not now be always kind to me."-Chicago Record in such a pass

Through the broker window-panes slipped her fair, round young arm un- the rain beat and the wind swept in "Ah, Philip, my knight!" she mur- derneath his neck and lavished caresses mournful harmony with the thoughts upon him. Her hands played with the of the people who crowded the room. curls upon his forehead. Her eyes At the lower end were congregated a She threw her arms around his looked love in his, her voice whispeed body of the most influential citizens neck; their lips met in one long kiss endearments in broken tones; all her of the town. Their plain but rich charged with dreams and ideals of being went out to meet his. She was dress, comfortable cloaks, prosperous years. The joy, the surprise, were al- trembling with her passion, nervous appearance, proclaimed that they were men of substance and condition. A lithis eyes; in his weak state he thought she must move or die. She hovered the apart from them stood the officers he would have fainted. It had all come over him like an angel of love and of the colonial militia in bedraggled, weather-stained uniforms

The merchants faced de Ramesay boldly. The eyes of the citizen soldiery sank to the ground, and they looked everywhere but at him. They shifted uneasily under the stern gaze of the veteran commander, while their And how beautiful she was! One hands played nervously with their look in the unfathomable depths of sword-hilts. De Ramesay was attended those great eyes might have told him by the officers of his stag. able solthe truth before. The sound of that diers all; some of them were drenched with rain and covered with marks of most pain should have spoken to him. their exposure to the inclement weather, which showed they had just them were Rouvigny, St. Luc, Fiedpast faded away, the future lay in the mont, and Joannes the town major, and with them de Vitre, still under restraint by de Ramesay's order.

The governor stood at the great table with his officers grouped around sweet surrender to the beating of his him. The merchants and militia officers drifted together at the opposite side. A stranger would have instantly very still. Words were never coined recognized that here were two parties to debate a serious proposition. Sadness was the predominating note in de Ramesay's face; haughty pride and contempt flashed from the eyes of the nobles and professional soldiers at his back; dogged determination was evidenced in every line in the portly figures of the merchants; and stubborn shame spoke from the drooped heads of the militia officers.

"Messieurs," said the governor quietly, "you have asked an audience for a purpose which I can but too well divine. Will you speak your mind and have done with it? The gentlemen of the counter first.'

He turned inquiringly to the merchants, but no one apparently cared to break the silence. No one wished to assume the stigma of being the first to make the proposition in furtherance of which they had assembled.

"What, gentlemen!" continued de Ramesay sarcastically, " are your desires so base that none of you have even courage to mention them? Monsieur Daine, it was at your house, I am informed, that the gentlemen held their meeting this morning. Will you speak?"

"Monsieur le Chevalier," stammered Daine, flushing and paling by turns, 'we are-we cannot-we do not-in short, we came to beg you to surrender the town."

"Ah!" said the governor, "and why should I give up a charge devolved up.

on me by his majesty the king?" "We are starving, monsieur," an-Chateau St. Louis. From swered Daine more boldly; "our dwellthe English batteries at ings, our shops, our warehouses are Point Levis the cannons were continu- ruined. We can do no more. If the

True," said de Ramesay, long as we have arms in our hands the English will not break through the walls. Is it not so, gentlemen?" "Vive la nouvelle France!"

"Let us die for the flag!"

"Vive le roi!"

"Death to the English!" broke to confused acclamations from the little group of officers behind the chevalier. The others were silent.

[To Be Continued.]

INCENSE OFFERED IN VAIN.

Fulsome Praise That Had Upon Ite Object Anything but the Desired Effect.

Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard, cannot endure fulsome praise of any sort or in any disguise. This is well known to Cambridge undergraduates, and seldom do any of them offend, relates a London paper. part of the town was safe now from the At summer schools, where he is in great demand as a lecturer, he does not escape so easily.

A year or so ago he gave a course in English literature at the University of California. At the first meeting of The temper of the garrison had the class he asked the members to state in writing the benefits they expected to gain from the course. Many Levis. De Ramesay felt that if an as- filled their papers with laudatory reference to Professor Wendell, but one

young woman far surpassed all others. "I have long worshipped you from militia, but had been much reduced by to sit at your feet and sip inspiration from your gifted lips."

Profesor Wendell read the paper at the next meeting of the class with this caustic comment.

"I have never known of a woman "Monsieur," he said, saluting, "a making such a fool of herself on

> One More Glass Would Not Be Missed. One day a fussy fellow met Father Healy, of Dublin, by the seashor? and thus accosted him: "Father Healy, I am undergoing a cure, and I take # tumbler of sea water three times a day. Now, I've had my full allowance today, but do you think I might have

> Father Healy put his head on ofe side and looked at the ocean, lost in thought. "Well," he said, at last, with a gravely judicial air, "I don't think would be missed."-Clevelane Leader.

A Mild Suggestion. "Papa," said little Arthur after his

mother had punished him, "will you de something for me?"

"What is it you want?" "Marry somebody else, and I wish you'd pick out grandma, because she's

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